

BELL COMIC  
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NO. 281

# CHRISTMAS

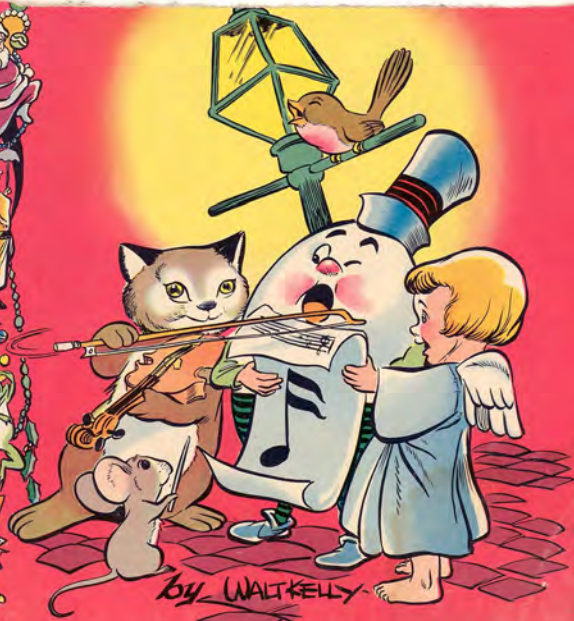
*with*

# Mother Goose



by WALKELLY

**WEB COMIC  
UNIVERSE.COM**



by WALT KELLY



*On Christmas Day  
in the morning.*

*Whether his mother  
would let him or no,  
On Christmas Day  
in the morning.*



*He brought Miss Mousie  
a Chesapeake cheese  
And a woolly red scarf  
to warm her knees.*

*He laughed and sang  
as gay as you please,  
On Christmas Day  
in the morning.*



# Christmas *&* in the SHOE

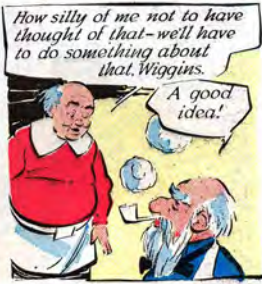
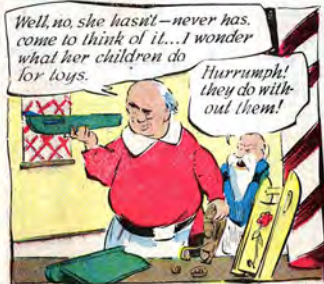
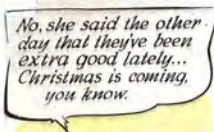


**T**here was an old woman  
Who lived in a shoe.  
She had so many children  
She didn't know what to do.

*With Christmas a-coming  
It was no task to enjoy—  
A-trying to find gifts  
For each girl and boy.*







Well, I'll visit a few people and we'll see what might come about.



Why, sure, I can help. My cat had kittens—children love kittens.

Thanks Crooked Man!



Children love puppies, too. My dog has a litter of six.

Thanks, Mrs. Hubbard.



I'll bake a special cake!

Fine!



Jack and I will make a batch of candy canes.

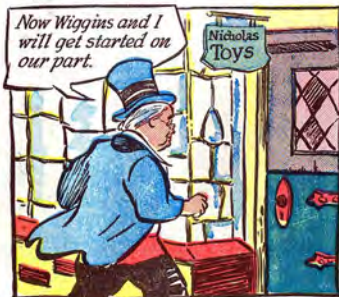
That's fine, Mrs. Spratt!

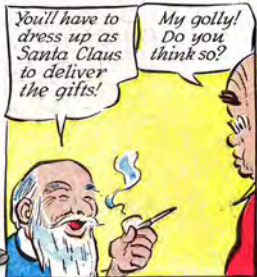


Guess I've seen everybody in the town now.



Now Wiggins and I will get started on our part.





At the shoe house ~ Christmas Eve.



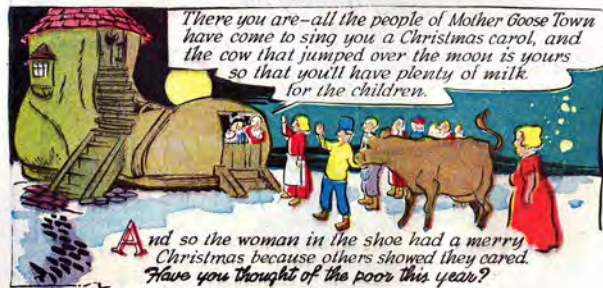
Aw, we know how things are, mother— we're just going to hang up our stockings in case Santa has something left when he passes by... we're just sorry we won't have a present for you, either.



A big hug from each of you is all I want— you're the best Christmas gifts in the world.







# POLLY FLINDERS

L

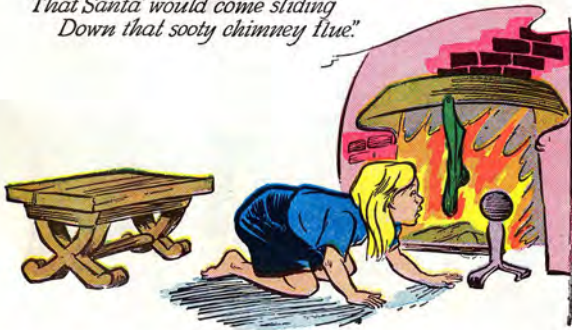
*ittle Polly Flinders  
Sat amongst the cinders  
Warming her pretty little toes!*



*Her mother came and  
caught her  
And spanked her little  
daughter  
For spoiling her nice,  
new clothes.*



*Said little Pol Flinders,  
"I sat amongst the cinders,  
And you'd have done so, too,  
A-hoping while there hiding  
That Santa would come sliding  
Down that sooty chimney flue."*



# A Christmas Alphabet



*is for Apple to hang on the tree.*



*is for Bulb,  
as bright  
as can be.*



*is for Carol so happily sung.*



*is for Door  
with mistletoe  
hung.*

E



*is for Evergreens all round about.*



F

*is for Fir, so  
fine and  
stout.*

G



*is for Gumdrops, chewy and red.*



H

*is for Holly  
up over your  
head.*





*is for Icicle hung from the trees.*



*is for Jolly  
songs that  
please.*



*for the King born on this day.*



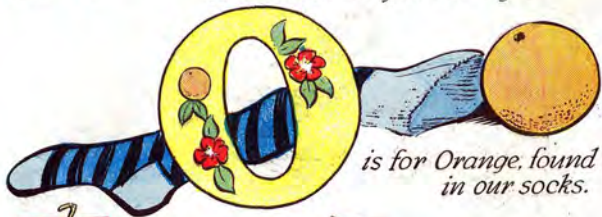
*is for Laughter,  
happy and gay.*



*is for Morning,  
so merry  
and bright.*



*is for Noel, sung in the night.*



*is for Orange, found  
in our socks.*



*is for Pop!  
by a jack-  
in-the-box.*



*is for Quiet—just like a mouse.*



*is for Rooftops  
up over  
each  
house.*



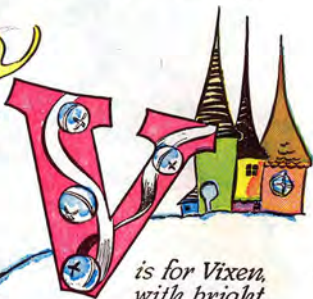
*is for Snow, thick  
on each roof.*



*is for Tap of each tiny hoof.*



*is for Up!—up into the sky.*



*is for Vixen,  
with bright  
flashing eye.*



*is Wonderful—something like pie.*





*is for Xmas, the short spelling way.*



*is for You, may your  
Christmas be gay.*



*is for-uh-what can Z be for?*

# Deck the Halls



*Deck the halls with  
boughs of holly,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la, la!*

*'Tis the season to be jolly,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la, la!*



*Don we now our gay apparel,  
Fa la la, la la la, la, la, la!*

*Troll the ancient Christmas  
carol,  
Fa la la la la, la la, la, la!*



# Hickory and Dickory

## HELP SANTA CLAUS

Ho hum—time for bed, I guess—think I'll go run up the clock and hear it strike one.



Hurry back, Hickory, and we'll have a cheese sandwich before bed.

All right, Dickory—hum-te-tum...



Here's the clock—I always like to see if I can run up and down before it strikes one.



Say—there's a funny noise coming out of the fireplace!



Well, I'll be switched!



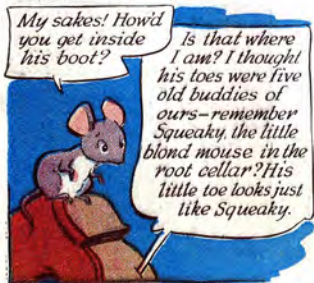
Santa Claus! Why are you staying up there?



I'm stuck!









Here's what caught—  
his trouser seat  
on the aerial.



Oops! There  
he goes—and  
some yarn is  
still caught.



Oof—well, at  
least I got  
down.



Wonder if  
Dickory is still  
in his boot?

Say, that  
yarn is all  
unreveled.



Those mice cut me  
down all right, but  
my legs feel  
suspiciously cool.



My trousers! They're gone!



Hickory! Did you  
and Dickory eat  
my pants?

No, Santa, they're  
all unraveled in  
the chimney.

Did we get down all right?

Dickory! That's where you were? Sure, we're down, but I've lost my trousers.



If this is your last stop, Santa, maybe we can do something with your bag.



Yes, this is the last stop—which reminds me, I'd better get busy here.



Gnaw a hole in that corner, Dickory—we used to live in a tailor shop and should have picked up something.

The only thing I picked up was a fear of pin cushions.



I'll hold this up on me to get an idea of how it looks—how is it?

Very snappy, except you've got 'em upside down.



Golly, Hickory, I couldn't eat another bit of burlap. You'll have to enlarge those fool holes yourself.

What?! Have you been swallowing this stuff? You're supposed to toss it behind something. Don't you know anything about housekeeping?









# Little Jack Horner



*Little Jack Horner  
Sat in a corner,  
Eating his Christmas  
pie;*

*He put in his thumb,  
And pulled out a plum,*

*And said "What a good boy am I!"*



*Little Jack Horner  
Sat in the corner,  
When Simple Simon came by.*

*Jack called him right soon,  
And gave him a spoon  
Saying, "Have half of my  
Christmas pie!"*



# The YEAR



**FEBRUARY**  
brings the rain...  
Thaws the frozen  
lake again.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28					

**JANUARY**  
brings the snow...  
Makes our feet  
and fingers glow.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29



**MARCH** brings breezes  
loud and shrill...  
Stirs the dancing daffodil.

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



*APRIL brings  
more stormy showers.  
Watering all the  
budding flowers.*

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



*MAY brings flocks  
of pretty lambs,  
Skipping by their  
fleecy dams.*



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
1	2	3	4	5	6	7
8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	23	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				

*JUNE brings  
tulips, lilies, roses,  
Fills the children's  
hands with posies.*

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
			1	2	3	4
5	6	7	8	9	10	11
12	13	14	15	16	17	18
19	20	21	22	23	24	25
26	27	28	29	30		





*Hot JULY brings  
cooling showers,  
Apricots and gillyflowers.*

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
					1	2
3	4	5	6	7	8	9
10	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24 31	25	26	27	28	29	30

*AUGUST brings  
the ears of corn,  
Then the Autumn  
harvest's borne.*

SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



*Warm SEPTEMBER brings the fruit...  
Sportsmen then begin  
to shoot.*



SUN	MON	TUE	WED	THU	FRI	SAT
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	



*Fresh OCTOBER  
brings the pheasant...  
Then to gather nuts  
is pleasant.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
						1
2	3	4	5	6	7	8
9	10	11	12	13	14	15
16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23	24	31	25	26	27	28
30						29



*Dull NOVEMBER  
brings the blast,  
Then the leaves  
are whirling fast.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
		1	2	3	4	5
6	7	8	9	10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19
20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30			

*Chill DECEMBER  
brings the sleet,  
Blazing fire and  
Christmas treat.*

SUN.	MON.	TUE.	WED.	THU.	FRI.	SAT.
				1	2	3
4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	31



# A Visit to the Queen



*"Little girl, little girl, where have you been?"  
"Gathering roses to give to the Queen."  
"Little girl, little girl, what gave she you?"  
"She gave me a diamond as big as my shoe."*



## Clap Handies

*Clap, clap handies,  
Mammie's wee, wee ain;  
Clap, clap handies,  
Daddie's comin' hame*

*Hame t' his bonny  
Wee bit laddie!  
Clap, clap handies,  
M' wee, wee ain.*



# Tommy Tucker's Carol



*Little Tommy Tucker  
Sings for his supper.  
What shall he eat?  
Good things and butter.*



*How will he cut it  
Without e'er a knife?  
How can he marry  
Without e'er a wife?*



# Three Jovial Welsh Men



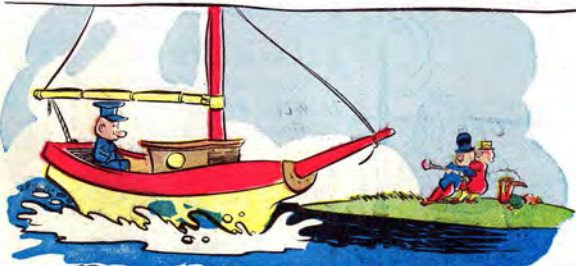
*There were three jovial  
Welsh men,  
As I have heard them say,*



*And they would go a-hunting  
Upon great Christmas Day.* ❖



*All the day they hunted,  
And nothing could they find*



*But a ship a-sailing—a-sailing with the wind.*





*One said it was a ship;*



*The other, he said, "Nay!"*



*The third said it was a house*



*With the chimney blown away!*



*And all the night they hunted,  
And nothing could they find,*



*But the moon a-gliding,  
A-gliding with the wind.*



*One said it was the moon;*



*The other, he said, "Nay!"*



*The third said it was a cheese*



*With half o't cut away.*



*So all the day they hunted  
And nothing did they find*



*But a hedgehog in a bramblebush  
And this they left behind.*



*The first said it was a hedgehog;*



*The other, he said, "Nay!"*



*The third said it was a pin cushion*



*With pins stuck in wrong way.*



*All the night they hunted  
And nothing could they find*



*But a hare in a turnip field  
And that they left behind.*

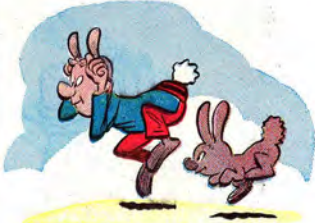


*The first said it was a hare;*

*The second, he said, "Nay!"*



*The third said 'twas a calf*



*And the cow had run away.*



*And all the day they hunted  
And nothing could they find*

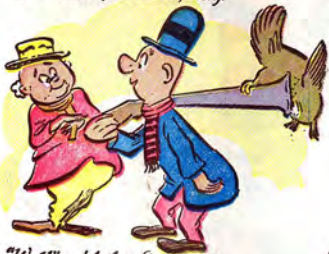
*But an owl in a holly tree  
And that they left behind.*





*One said it was an owl;  
The other, he said, "Nay!"*

*The third said 'twas an old man  
With his beard growing gray.*



*"Well," said the first one,  
"If that's how it be,*

*"Let's go back and inquire  
Of him exactly who he be."*



*But the bird flapped away  
With never, never a pause.*



*"You see," said the third man,  
"It was old Santa Claus!"*

# Christmas is Coming



*Christmas is  
coming!*

*The geese are  
getting fat.*



*Please to put a penny in an old man's hat.*

*If you haven't got  
a penny—a half-  
penny will do.*

*If you haven't  
got a half-penny  
God bless  
you!*



# Rooster and Hen

*What does the rooster cry  
On a cold Christmas morn?*

*"Lock the dairy door,  
Lock the dairy door!"*



*And what does the hen reply,  
As she cocks a shiny eye,*

*"Chickle chackle chee,  
I haven't got the key!  
Chickle chackle chee,  
I haven't got the key!"*



# Simple Simon



*Simple Simon  
Met a pieman  
Going to the fair.*



*Said Simple Simon  
To the pieman,  
"Let me taste your ware!"*



*Says the pieman to Simple Simon,  
"Show me first your penny."*



*Says Simple  
Simon to the pieman,  
"Indeed, I haven't any!"*



# Simple Simon



*He went to catch a dicky bird And thought he could not fail,*



*Because he had a little salt*



*To put upon its tail.*

# Simple Simon



*Simple Simon went  
a-fishing  
For to catch a whale.*



*But all the water he could find  
Was in his mother's pail.*



*He fetched more water  
in a sieve  
But soon it all ran through.*



*And now good Simple Simon  
Has a Christmas smile  
for you.*

# HANDY PANDY



*Handy Pandy,  
Jack a dandy,  
Loves plum cake and  
Christmas candy.*

*He bought some at  
a grocer's shop  
To give away, so  
hop, hop, hop!*


## *The Spratts*

**J**ack Spratt  
could eat no fat,  
His wife could  
eat no lean;

*But I must say, on  
Christmas Day,  
They licked the  
platter clean.*




# Goosey, Goosey Gander




**G**oosey, Goosey Gander!  
Where shall I wander?

Upstairs  
and  
Downstairs



And in the  
children's chamber.

There I met an  
old man



Working without  
pause.

And when I asked  
him who he was

He answered,  
"Santa Claus!"





# Pippin Hill



*As I was going  
up Pippin Hill  
To a Christmas  
party,*

*There I met a  
pretty lass  
And she dropped  
me a curtsy.*

*"Little Miss,  
pretty Miss,  
Merry Christmas  
to you;*

*If I had half  
a crown  
today,  
I'd spend it all  
upon you."*



# The Christmas CANDLE

*Little Nancy Etticoat  
In a white petticoat  
And a red nose;  
The longer she stands  
The shorter she grows.*



# Little Betty Blue

*Little Betty Blue  
Lost her Christmas shoe.  
What shall Betty do?*

*Give her another  
To match the other,  
And then she'll  
walk in two.*



# The tale of Chip-chop

and his  
Christmas  
Good Deed



Let's see now, if I've got everything  
checked off on this list.



Listen, old Chip-chop, you scalawag,  
you're in the way. Go into the  
kitchen and help the Mother  
Goose children.



Somebody's always  
chasing me.



Now, Chip-chop, you  
be careful. We're  
finishing the  
Christmas  
cookies for  
Santa.

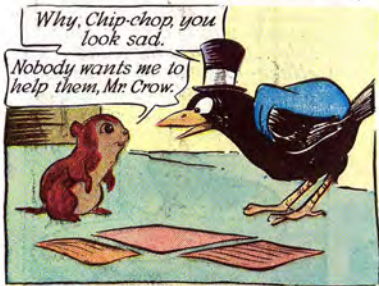






Why, Chip-chop, you look sad.

Nobody wants me to help them, Mr. Crow.



Well, then, you can help me! I'm collecting little trinkets for Christmas presents.



See—here's some of the things I've got already.



Why don't you collect some bright things and I'll give them to the little woodland children.

Good!  
I will!



There's something perfect! A pencil stub—somebody will like that.



Maybe something else would be on Santa's dresser.





I told him very plainly that "Mister Crow has it."



Only thing I can do now is find Mr. Crow—the key was in his bag.



If we don't get the key back, Santa won't be able to deliver the toys.



The key? Why, I gave it to the raccoon's child.



Give me a ride there—maybe we can trade this pencil for it.

The raccoon is a cranky animal and may object.



Oh, dear!

What is that thing you've got there?

I don't know—the crow called it a key.



Humph! A key is no good without a lock! We'll throw it away.







# BANBURY CROSS



**R**ide a cockhorse  
to Banbury Cross  
To see a fine lady upon  
a white horse.

*Rings on her fingers, and  
bells on her toes,*

*She shall have  
music wherever  
she goes.*



*Wherever she goes with a gallop so gay,  
With a gallopity clop on bright  
Christmas Day.*



**D**

*diddle, diddle, dumpling,  
my son John—  
Went to bed with his  
breeches on:*

*One shoe off, and  
one shoe on,  
Diddle, diddle, dumpling,  
my son John.*